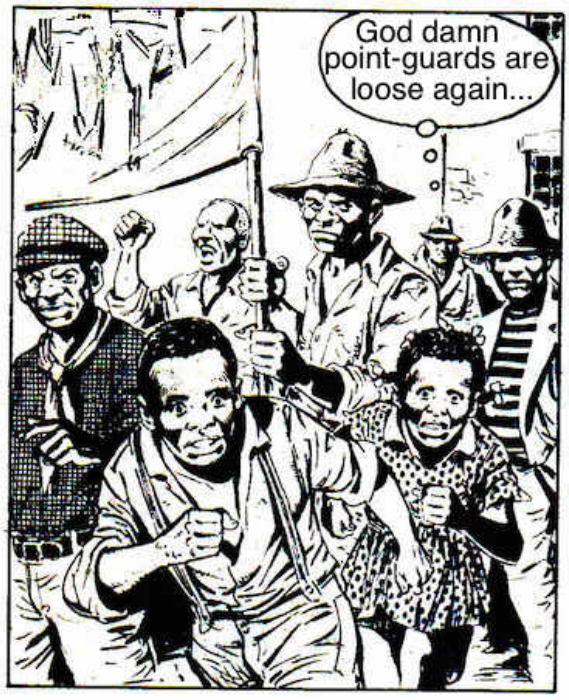
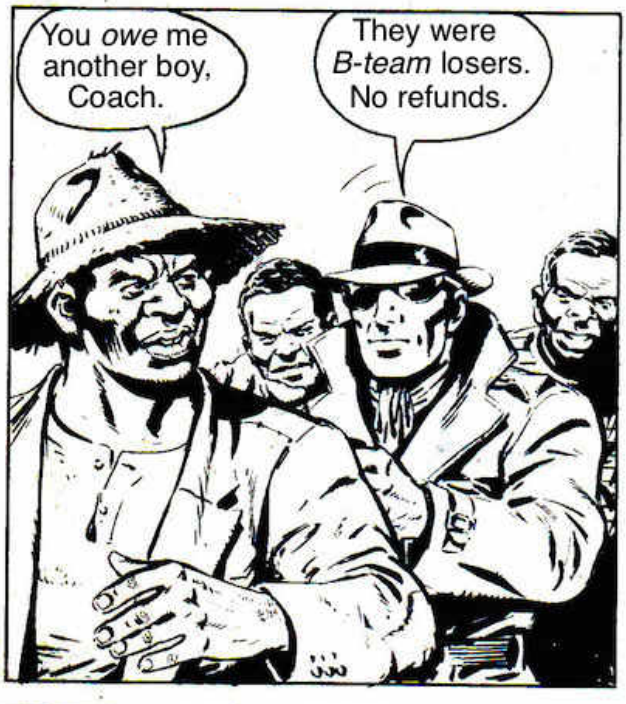
$1.50*
MIKE
Plex Romer.


God damn point-guards are loose again...

Alright, Jen. We're down by two with ten seconds left...

IN A PRALLEL UNIVERSE...


You *owe* me another boy, Coach.
They were *B-team* losers. No refunds.

Bingo.
GRRRRRRR

I hope it was worth it. Just cost yourselves your yard time...

Selfish. Damn kids don't know a *thing* about team spirit.

And we've got no rebounders.

"State of the art training facility."
...The Morristown. *The Li'l Mikes?*... The... --*Ugh!* There is no *name* for that *smell!*
Great. It's the fucking *B-team.*
Where the hell are my starting five?... Little pricks better be warmed up.
RRRRRR
I'm bolting the hatch tonight.
Psst.
Hold it right fucking there, Andre.
!
c-c-coach!
Forty percent from the free-throw line?...

If you think those are championship numbers, Andre, I've got news for you, pal. It's not *my* hut that's gonna get torched.
See this!? This was gonna be a bonus, Dre. Start acting like a captain. *I've only got so much patience, and if you use it all up...*
Breaks my heart...
Do you remember what I said about those numbers dipping?
POST OFFICE BOX NUMBER 7 MORRISTOWN
Shoot below fifty-percent from the line and I'm gonna get greedy for pinkies.
Man of my word.
But c-c-coach... The hoop's not regulation. It's too *high!*
Nice Jenny.
I don't care whose, but there better be *two* in that box by Friday.
I'm going to be sick...
Not our *pinkies!*
There's that dead man that Jean-Luc found by the train tracks...?
That's a *white* guy, Amy. Shit. You don't think Mike's not gonna notice we're mailing him wrong coloured fingers?!

I think this is the last night of our childhood...
...But if we took the skin off, there's no way he could tell.
Well it's not *you* who's hauling a dog out of the sewer is it? My fucking *back,* Jen. My god. It's *murder.*
GRRR...
We're barely in the top-eight as it is... I told them we'd need Manny. I *told* them.
REVEAL THE MASCOT!!!
OUR TAXES, OUR MASCOT!
Sports fans, all of them.
OUR KIDS, OUR TEAM!!!
WE WANT TO KNOW!!!
...is making great strides. Sadly, the Atkins kid passed away in the night, but I understand he was on the *B-team*...
Thanks. Look, I don't have a lot of time, I've got to... pick up my dry-cleaning.
The team's training, underway in the sewers beneath our very feet...

...We will win the championship, and with the winnings, build the ring-road our city badly needs to decongest its major through-ways! But as you all know, we cannot commence work designing the mascot until we have a name for the team, and a league-approved, suitable logo... As for a name...

...At present, we like *The Morristown Industrial Workers.*

We're *getting* that ring-road.

Not with your boy on the court.

Better my boy's on the court than a *milk carton.*

That's real low Larry, fuck you. --Your Andre's shooting *forty percent* from the line, he ain't *never* getting a shot off.

...Foul-call, can't get his shot off, bad odds at the line... *Turnover.*

...But you go with *flying,* there's no way that stays secret. Once that's out, forget it. You're *done.*

Jen, I don't think the B-team can keep those... *mutant homeless* away from our top boys much longer... Daryl's *rotting...*

Mike wasn't sweating it. He was on a hot-streak.

You got a drawing for me Mikey? Folk are getting *loud* for this...

It's *Coach.* And no I don't.

He gave his word. *Mike gets results.*

I'll find the money to bring Manny out.

Midnight.
TAP! TAP! TAP!
I'm flying out after Friday's game to go see about some satin warm-up jackets, make sure they've got the feel right... I'm worried about the lining, too...
"Manny and the Wild-Cards." That's the name of the team. Don't say it isn't.
Well it's... not without a certain... It's *different*... Got a barbershop... Are you--. Are you saying he's *on* the...
--And talk about well-groomed. The guy takes *pride*. *That's* what these kids need. Shit, the whole town.
Manny... Pride... This is good work Mike, but what the hell is the mascot gonna--...
Bingo. *Manny*. And don't even think about franchise rights, Tom. Me and Manny ain't letting them loose.
Wait... Let me think. He could do *press!* Make *appearances!* He could do post-game *interviews...*
And we sell little Manny hats. You know they're straw, right? Cheap. One colour for home-games--
...And then a different colour for away-games... Even if we *lose*, we'll have money for the ring-road.
Listen, Tom. Manny and I were talking and we've come up with a pretty big number. I'm not kidding, we're gonna want a *lot* more cash.

Three...
Stare all you want. I'm going *coast to coast*. With Manny filling out the coaching staff, we're a *shoe-in* for the trophy.
Two...
--what else could we do but sell all of his things? You see? If we want to live, we need money. So if we can sell the clothes, sell the *toys*, then we have money so we can rest--
Can it, Atkins. He had a few good years.
One...
There is bad trouble in the sewers. Please come quickly x Yana.
Dear Andre and the others. I had to take off. Mike.
Dear Tom. I forgot to unlock the hatch. They're still down there. Your call. Mike.
Fin.